

READINGS BOOKLET



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1986

Alberta
EDUCATION

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Table 8

Results for Individual Multiple-Choice Questions
English 30

Item	Key	Distribution of Responses in %*				Item	Key	Distribution of Responses in %*			
		A	B	C	D			A	B	C	D
1	C	17.8	26.8	47.5	7.8	41	D	1.3	17.6	9.0	72.1
2	C	8.6	8.3	77.8	5.3	42	B	23.0	58.3	11.8	6.8
3	C	2.3	2.7	73.4	21.6	43	A	73.2	6.0	4.3	16.5
4	B	11.4	63.8	10.6	14.1	44	A	79.4	5.0	9.5	6.1
5	D	3.3	9.4	4.7	82.5	45	D	21.4	28.8	6.4	43.4
6	C	17.4	6.3	58.2	18.0	46	C	12.3	26.3	55.3	6.0
7	D	5.9	6.5	7.1	80.5	47	D	8.8	5.9	3.9	81.3
8	C	7.6	18.9	61.9	11.5	48	C	3.7	11.0	71.7	13.5
9	B	12.0	73.6	8.7	5.7	49	C	12.8	16.0	60.9	10.2
10	C	10.0	19.2	64.0	6.7	50	D	8.2	9.3	11.1	71.3
11	B	6.8	82.9	3.0	7.2	51	D	24.5	9.8	26.8	39.0
12	B	9.7	60.5	16.3	13.5	52	B	38.0	35.8	6.8	19.3
13	B	11.8	62.3	11.7	14.2	53	A	50.2	5.2	35.4	9.1
14	D	3.9	10.2	13.3	72.5	54	D	8.2	18.0	5.9	67.9
15	D	17.3	13.2	6.7	62.7	55	B	7.1	47.2	7.1	38.5
16	C	17.3	24.8	40.6	17.2	56	B	13.1	71.0	7.2	8.5
17	D	6.9	23.7	4.5	64.8	57	C	17.8	5.5	71.5	5.1
18	C	23.2	4.9	55.2	16.7	58	C	21.7	11.8	55.4	11.0
19	D	7.2	4.0	18.5	70.3	59	B	5.6	78.5	6.5	9.3
20	D	8.6	28.0	9.9	53.3	60	B	32.6	35.8	18.6	12.7
21	C	9.1	5.4	62.1	23.4	61	B	19.4	68.3	2.9	9.3
22	A	70.7	17.7	10.4	1.2	62	-	-	-	-	-
23	B	12.4	72.8	8.0	6.7	63	-	-	-	-	-
24	C	13.7	17.2	63.7	5.3	64	D	24.6	9.3	1.6	64.2
25	D	23.2	4.7	2.2	69.9	65	A	62.9	4.6	5.6	26.6
26	B	7.4	62.6	10.6	19.3	66	D	4.8	15.4	14.7	64.9
27	B	8.5	70.4	5.6	15.5	67	A	41.2	38.4	13.3	6.9
28	A	78.0	3.2	8.8	10.0	68	A	81.6	7.3	3.6	7.3
29	A	57.5	8.5	5.9	28.1	69	D	20.7	18.2	9.3	51.6
30	C	8.3	4.5	68.6	18.6	70	B	6.7	67.9	9.5	15.7
31	D	7.3	13.8	11.3	67.6	71	D	25.2	6.1	33.2	35.2
32	A	76.1	8.6	11.8	3.5	72	A	69.7	19.9	3.4	6.8
33	D	2.6	4.3	13.1	80.0	73	A	40.9	9.4	41.3	7.9
34	A	37.4	2.2	15.4	45.0	74	B	7.8	85.2	5.4	1.2
35	A	70.4	2.5	23.6	3.4	75	C	4.3	13.1	72.7	9.4
36	B	8.1	48.5	23.2	20.1	76	D	12.5	11.0	16.6	59.3
37	D	0.8	4.8	37.2	57.1	77	B	8.4	71.5	13.9	5.6
38	A	79.4	7.1	2.2	11.3	78	C	7.2	8.6	74.8	8.8
39	A	83.1	6.4	8.0	2.4	79	C	12.4	9.9	50.5	26.5
40	A	43.2	25.0	21.9	9.8	80	B	19.5	50.6	4.7	24.4

*The sum of the percentages for each question may be less than 100% because the No Response category is not included. This category is not greater than 0.7% for any question.

**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30**

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 80 questions in the Questions Booklet and 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

**CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND
AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.**

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JANUARY 1986

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I. Read “On Speaking of Speaking” and answer questions 1 to 8 from your Questions Booklet.

ON SPEAKING OF SPEAKING

The changes in language will continue forever, but no one knows for sure who does the changing. One possibility is that children are responsible. Derek Bickerton, professor of linguistics at the University of Hawaii, explores this in his book *Roots of Language*. Sometime around 1880, a language catastrophe occurred in Hawaii when

5 thousands of immigrant workers were brought to the islands to work for the new sugar industry. These people, speaking Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Portuguese, and various Spanish dialects, were unable to communicate with one another or with the native Hawaiians or the dominant English-speaking owners of the plantations, and they first did what such mixed-language populations have always done: they spoke Pidgin English
10 (a corruption of “business English”). A pidgin is not really a language at all, more like a set of verbal signals used to name objects but lacking the grammatical rules needed for expressing thought and ideas. And then, within a single generation, the whole mass of mixed peoples began speaking a totally new tongue: Hawaiian Creole. The new speech contained ready-made words borrowed from all the original tongues, but bore
15 little or no resemblance to the predecessors in the rules used for stringing the words together. Although generally regarded as a “primitive” language, Hawaiian Creole was constructed with a highly sophisticated grammar. Professor Bickerton’s great discovery is that this brand-new speech could have been made only by the children. There wasn’t time enough to allow for any other explanation. Soon after the influx of workers in
20 1880 the speech was Hawaiian Pidgin, and within the next twenty-five or thirty years the accepted language was Creole. The first immigrants, the parents who spoke Pidgin, could not have made the new language and then taught it to the children. They could not themselves understand Creole when it appeared. Nor could the adult English speakers in charge of the place either speak or comprehend Creole. According to Bickerton’s
25 research, it simply had to have been the work of children, crowded together, jabbering away at each other, playing.

Bickerton cites this historic phenomenon as evidence, incontrovertible in his view, for the theory that language is a biological, innate, genetically determined property of human beings, driven by a center or centers in the brain that code out grammar and syntax. His term for the gift of speech is “bioprogram.” The idea confirms and extends the proposal put forward by Noam Chomsky, almost three decades ago, that human beings are unique in their possession of brains equipped for generating grammar. But the most fascinating aspect of the new work is its evidence that children — and probably very young children at that — are able to construct a whole language, working at it together, or more likely *playing* at it together.

It should make you take a different view of children, eliciting something like awe. We have always known that childhood is the period in which new languages as well as one’s own can be picked up quickly and easily. The facility disappears in most people

Continued

40 around the time of adolescence, and from then on the acquisition of a new language is hard, slogging labor. Children are gifted at it, of course. But it requires a different order of respect to take in the possibility that children make up languages, change languages, perhaps have been carrying the responsibility for evolving language from the first human communication to twentieth-century speech. If it were not for the children and their special gift we might all be speaking Indo-European or Hittite, but here we all are, 45 speaking several thousand different languages and dialects, most of which would be incomprehensible to the human beings on earth just a few centuries back.

Perhaps we should be paying serious attention to the possible role played by children in the origin of speech itself. It is of course not known when language first appeared in our species, and it is pure guesswork as to how it happened. One popular guess is 50 that at a certain stage in the evolution of the human skull, and of the brain therein, speech became a possibility in a few mutant individuals. Thereafter, these intellectual people and their genes outcompeted all their speechless cousins, and natural selection resulted in *Homo sapiens*. This notion would require the recurrence of the same mutation in many different, isolated communities all around the globe, or else one would have 55 to assume that a lucky few speakers managed to travel with remarkable agility everywhere on earth, leaving their novel genes behind.

Another possibility, raised by the new view of children and speech, is that human language did not pop up as a special mutation, but came into existence as a latent property of all human brains at some point in the evolution of the whole species. The 60 environment required for expression of the brain centers involved in the process was simply children, enough children crowded together in circumstances where they could spend a lot of time playing together. A critical mass of children in a sufficiently stable society could have been achieved whenever large enough numbers of families settled down to live in close quarters, as may have happened long ago in the tribal life of 65 hunters and gatherers or in the earliest agricultural communities.

It makes an interesting scenario. The adults and wise elders of the tribe, sitting 70 around a fire speaking a small-talk pidgin, pointing at one thing or another and muttering isolated words. No syntax, no strings of words, no real ideas, no metaphors. Somewhere nearby, that critical mass of noisy young children, gabbling and shouting at each other, their voices rising in the exultation of discovery, talking, talking, and forever thereafter never stopping.

Lewis Thomas

II. Read "Chokecherry Pits" and answer questions 9 to 14 from your Questions Booklet.

CHOKECHERRY PITS

The contour lines follow the old humus.

Trowel and brush work easily down
through the shallow droppings of time.

5 Stone grates — maybe a flake¹ —
or is it a tool emerging?

“How can you tell!” people wonder.
Tools fit themselves into the function.

Hands and fingers, it seems, were always the same.
The brush comes out, and, suddenly, “Hey! Beads!” —

10 little black spheres in the ashes —
They are not beads, we discover —
chokecherry pits,
tossed or spat into the fire.

It was August, then, when this hearth was burning!

15 I picture chokecherries spread in the sun,
lustrous, crimson — rolled, and shifted, and sampled —
pemmican.

Suddenly I remember
pulling the branches down for someone,
20 watching the drops of blood
trickle through curled fingers —
With us it was jelly or wine.

I pause for a moment, cupping the charred pits
kneeling by a rekindled hearth,
25 a patch of chickweed spread like a white table,
wine, pemmican,
prairie sun,
wind sliding over the great erosion,
old brown river cutting a way to the sea.

¹flake — piece of hard stone chipped off and used as a tool

R.E. Rashley

III. Read the excerpt from “Hurricane Hazel” and answer questions 15 to 22 from your Questions Booklet.

from HURRICANE HAZEL

The speaker and her mother are spending the summer at an isolated cabin. Teen-age friends arrive unannounced to visit her.

Charlie and Trish and Buddy wanted to go on a picnic. It was their idea that we would drive over to Pike Lake, about fifteen miles away, where there was a public beach. They thought we could go swimming. The three of them stood around the car; my mother tried to make conversation with them while I ran to the cabin to get my swimsuit and a towel. Trish already had her swimsuit on; I'd seen the top of it under her shirt. Maybe there would be no place to change. This was the kind of thing you couldn't ask about without feeling like a fool, so I changed in my cubicle of parachute silk. My suit was left over from last year; it was red, and a little too small.

5 My mother, who didn't usually give instructions, told Buddy to drive carefully; 10 probably because the noise made his car sound a lot more dangerous than it was. When he started up it was like a rocket taking off, and it was even worse inside. I sat in the front seat beside Buddy. All the windows were rolled down, and when we reached the paved highway Buddy stuck his left elbow out the window. He held the steering wheel with one hand, and with the other he reached across the seat and took hold of my hand. 15 He wanted me to move over so I was next to him and he could put his arm around me, but I was nervous about the driving. He gave me a reproachful look and put his hand back on the wheel.

I had seen road signs pointing to Pike Lake before but I had never actually been there. It turned out to be small and round, with flattish countryside around it. The public 20 beach was crowded, because it was a weekend: teenagers in groups and young couples with children mostly. Some people had portable radios. Trish and I changed behind the car, even though we were only taking off our outer clothes to reveal our bathing suits, which everybody was going to see anyway. While we were doing this, Trish told me that she and Charlie were now secretly engaged. They were going to get married as 25 soon as she was old enough. No one was supposed to know, except Buddy of course, and me. She said her parents would have kittens if they found out. I promised not to tell; at the same time, I felt a cold finger travelling down my spine. When we came out from behind the car, Buddy and Charlie were already standing up to their ankles in the water, the sun reflecting from their white backs.

30 The beach was dusty and hot, with trash from picnickers left here and there about it: paper plates showing half-moons above the sand, dented paper cups, bottles. Part of a hot-dog weiner floated near where we waded in, pallid, greyish-pink, lost-looking. The lake was shallow and weedy, the water the temperature of cooling soup. The bottom was of sand so fine-grained it was almost mud; I expected leeches in it, and clams, 35 which would probably be dead, because of the warmth. I swam out into it anyway. Trish was screaming because she had walked into some water weeds; then she was splashing Charlie. I felt that I ought to be doing these things too, and that Buddy would

Continued

note the omission. But instead I floated on my back in the lukewarm water, squinting up at the cloudless sky, which was depthless and hot blue and had things like microbes drifting across it, which I knew were the rods and cones in my eyeballs. I had skipped ahead in the health book; I even knew what a zygote was. In a while Buddy swam out to join me and spurted water at me out of his mouth, grinning.

After that we swam back to the beach and lay down on Trish's oversized pink beach towel, which had a picture of a mermaid tossing a bubble on it. I felt sticky, as if the water had left a film on me. Trish and Charlie were nowhere to be seen; at last I spotted them, walking hand in hand near the water at the far end of the beach. Buddy wanted me to rub some suntan lotion onto him. He wasn't tanned at all, except for his face and his hands and forearms, and I remembered that he worked all week and didn't have time to lie around in the sun the way I did. The skin of his back was soft and slightly loose over the muscles, like a sweater or a puppy's neck.

When I lay back down beside him, Buddy took hold of my hand, even though it was greasy with the suntan lotion. "How about Charlie, eh?" he said, shaking his head in mock disapproval, as if Charlie had been naughty or stupid. He didn't say Charlie and Trish. He put his arm over me and started to kiss me, right on the beach, in the full sunlight, in front of everyone. I pulled back.

"There's people watching," I said.

"Want me to put the towel over your head?" he said.

I sat up, brushing sand off me and tugging up the front of my bathing suit. I brushed some sand off Buddy too: his stuck worse because of the lotion. My back felt parched and I was dizzy from the heat and brightness. Later, I knew, I would get a headache.

"Where's the lunch?" I said.

"Who's hungry?" he said. "Not for food, anyways." But he didn't seem annoyed. Maybe this was the way I was supposed to behave.

I walked to the car and got out the lunch, which was in a brown paper bag, and we sat on Trish's towel and ate egg-salad sandwiches and drank warm fizzy Coke, in silence. When we had finished, I said I wanted to go and sit under a tree. Buddy came with me, bringing the towel. He shook it before we sat down.

"You don't want ants in your pants," he said. He lit a cigarette and smoked half of it, leaning against the tree trunk — an elm, I noticed — and looking at me in an odd way, as if he was making up his mind about something. Then he said, "I want you to have something." His voice was offhand, affable, the way it usually was; his eyes weren't. On the whole he looked frightened. He undid the silver bracelet from his wrist. It had always been there, and I knew what was written on it: *Buddy*, engraved in flowing script. It was an imitation army I.D. tag; a lot of the boys wore them.

"My identity bracelet," he said.

"Oh," I said as he slid it over my hand, which now, I could tell, smelled of onions. I ran my fingers over Buddy's silver name as if admiring it. I had no thought of refusing it; that would have been impossible, because I would never have been able to explain what was wrong with taking it. Also I felt that Buddy had something on me: that, now he had accidentally seen something about me that was real, he knew too much about my deviations from the norm. I felt I had to correct that somehow. It occurred

Continued

to me, years later, that many women probably had become engaged and even married this way.

85 It was years later too that I realized Buddy had used the wrong word: it wasn't an identity bracelet, it was an identification bracelet. The difference escaped me at the time. But maybe it was the right word after all, and what Buddy was handing over to me was his identity, some key part of himself that I was expected to keep for him and watch over.

90 Another interpretation has since become possible: that Buddy was putting his name on me, like a *Reserved* sign or an ownership label, or a tattoo on a cow's ear, or a brand. But at the time nobody thought that way. Everyone knew that getting a boy's I.D. bracelet was a privilege, not a degradation, and this is how Trish greeted it when she came back from her walk with Charlie. She spotted the transfer instantly.

95 "Let's see," she said, as if she hadn't seen this ornament of Buddy's many times before, and I had to hold out my wrist for her to admire, while Buddy looked sheepishly on.

100 When I was back at the log house, I took off Buddy's identification bracelet and hid it under the bed. I was embarrassed by it, though the reason I gave myself was that I didn't want it to get lost. I put it on again in September though, when I went back to the city and back to school. It was the equivalent of a white fur sweater-collar, the kind with pom-poms. Buddy, among other things, was something to wear.

Margaret Atwood

IV. Read “Landlady” and answer questions 23 to 29 from your Questions Booklet.

LANDLADY

Through sepia air the boarders come and go,
impersonal as trains. Pass silently
the craving silence swallowing her speech;
click doors like shutters on her camera eye.

5 Because of her their lives become exact:
their entrances and exits are designed;
phone calls are cryptic. Oh, her ticklish ears
advance and fall back stunned.

10 Nothing is unprepared. They hold the walls
about them when they weep or laugh. Each face
is dialled to zero publicly. She peers
stippled with curious flesh;

15 pads on the patient landing like a pulse,
unlocks their keyholes with the wire of sight,
searches their rooms for clues when they are out,
pricks when they come home late.

20 Wonders when they are quiet, jumps when they move,
dreams that they dope or drink, trembles to know
the traffic of their brains, jaywalks their street
in clumsy shoes.

25 Yet knows them better than their closest friends:
their cupboards and the secrets of their drawers,
their books, their private mail, their photographs
are theirs and hers.

30 Knows when they wash, how frequently their clothes
go to the cleaners, what they like to eat,
their curvature of health, but even so
is not content.

For, like a lover, must know all, all, all.
Prays she may catch them unprepared at last
and palm the dreadful riddle of their skulls —
hoping the worst.

P. K. Page

V. Read the scene from *The Tragedy of King Lear* and answer questions 30 to 38 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR Act I, Scene i

The King, an old man, has decided to resign and divide his kingdom among his three daughters provided that each makes a public proclamation of love for him. His first daughter, Goneril, has just made an exaggerated claim of affection and has received her share of the kingdom. He now calls on his second daughter, Regan. Cordelia, his youngest daughter, who is soon to marry either the King of France or the Duke of Burgundy, awaits her turn to speak.

LEAR: . . . What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

REGAN: I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
5 I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate¹
10 In your dear Highness' love.

CORDELIA (Aside): Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

LEAR: To thee and thine hereditary ever
15 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last and least, to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
20 Strive to be interess'd,² what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA: Nothing, my lord.

LEAR: Nothing!

CORDELIA: Nothing.

25 **LEAR:** Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

CORDELIA: Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less.

LEAR: How, how, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little,

¹felicitate — happy or fortunate

²interess'd — to have a share or right in

Continued

30 Lest you may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA: Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred³ me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit;

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

35 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say

They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters

40 To love my father all.

LEAR: But goes thy heart with this?

CORDELIA: Ay, my good lord.

LEAR: So young, and so untender?

CORDELIA: So young, my lord, and true.

45 **LEAR:** Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower!

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,

The mysteries of Hecate and the night;

By all the operation of the orbs

From whom we do exist and cease to be;

50 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee from this for ever. . . .

William Shakespeare

³bred — nurtured

VI. Read the scene from *The Letter* and answer questions 39 to 47 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE LETTER

The action of the play takes place in the racially-mixed, class-conscious society of colonial Singapore in the 1920's. Leslie Crosbie is about to stand trial for the murder of Geoffrey Hammond. She admits that she killed him, explaining that she shot him when he came to her home uninvited and attempted to rape her. Howard Joyce, her lawyer and her husband's close friend, has learned of the existence of a letter Mrs. Crosbie wrote to Hammond on the night of the murder, urgently asking him to come to see her.

HOWARD: Mrs. Crosbie, I want to talk to you very, very seriously. This case was comparatively plain sailing. There was only one point that seemed to me to require explanation. So far as I could judge, you had fired no less than four shots into Hammond when he was lying on the ground. It was hard to accept the possibility that a delicate, frightened woman, of gentle nurture and refined instincts, should have surrendered to an absolutely uncontrollable frenzy. But, of course, it was admissible. Although Geoffrey Hammond was much liked, and on the whole thought highly of, I was prepared to prove that he was the sort of man who might be guilty of the crime which in justification of your act you accused him of. The fact, which was discovered after his death, that he had been living with a woman of a different race gave us something very definite to go upon. That robbed him of any sympathy that might have been felt for him. We made up our minds to make every use of the odium that such a connection cast upon him in the minds of respectable people. I told your husband just now that I was certain of an acquittal, and I wasn't just telling him that to cheer him up. I do not believe the jury would have left the box. (*They look into each other's eyes. LESLIE is strangely still. She is like a bird paralyzed by the fascination of a snake*) But this letter has thrown an entirely different complexion on the case. I am your legal adviser. I shall represent you in court. I take your story as you tell it to me, and I shall conduct your defense according to its terms. It may be that I believe your statements, or it may be that I doubt them. The duty of counsel is to persuade the jury that the evidence placed before them is not such as to justify them in bringing in a verdict of guilty, and any private opinion he may have of the innocence or guilt of his client is entirely beside the point.

25 **LESLIE:** I don't know what you're driving at.

HOWARD: You're not going to deny that Hammond came to your house at your urgent and, I may even say, hysterical invitation?

(*LESLIE does not answer for a moment. She seems to consider*)

30 **LESLIE:** They can prove that the letter was taken to his bungalow by one of the houseboys. He rode over on his bicycle.

HOWARD: You mustn't expect other people to be stupider than you. The letter will put them on the track of suspicions that have entered nobody's head. I will not

Continued

5 tell you what I personally thought when I read it. I do not wish you to tell me anything but what is needed to save your neck.

35 (LESLIE *crumples up suddenly and slips from her chair to the floor in a dead faint before HOWARD can catch her. He glances around the room for water, but there is none to be seen. He looks toward the door, but will not call for help. He does not wish to be disturbed. He moves and kneels down on one knee beside her, waiting for her to recover, and in a few moments she opens her eyes*)

40 **HOWARD:** Keep quite still. You'll be better in a minute.

LESLIE (*Raising herself with his help to a sitting position*): Don't let anyone come.

HOWARD (*Supporting her*): No, no.

45 **LESLIE** (*Clasping her hands and looking up at him appealingly*): Mr. Joyce, you won't let them hang me!

(She begins to cry hysterically)

HOWARD (*Trying to calm her; in undertones*): Sh! Sh! Don't make a noise. Sh! Sh! It's all right. Don't, don't, don't! For goodness' sake, pull yourself together.

LESLIE: Give me a minute.

(She makes an effort to regain her self-control, and soon she is once more calm)

50 **HOWARD** (*With almost unwilling admiration*): You've got pluck. I think no one could deny that.

LESLIE: Let me get up now. It was silly of me to faint.

(HOWARD helps her to her feet and leads her to a chair and she sinks down wearily)

55 **HOWARD:** Do you feel a little better?

LESLIE (*With her eyes closed*): Don't talk to me for a moment or two.

HOWARD: Very well.

(He moves up to the window and stands gazing out of it. There is a pause)

LESLIE (*With a little sigh*): I'm afraid I've made rather a mess of things.

60 **HOWARD** (*Turning*): I'm sorry.

LESLIE: For Robert, not for me. You distrusted me from the beginning.

HOWARD: That's neither here nor there.

(LESLIE gives him a glance and then looks down)

LESLIE: Isn't it possible to get hold of the letter?

65 **HOWARD** (*With a frown to conceal his embarrassment*): I don't think anything would have been said to me about it if the person in whose possession it is, was not prepared to sell it.

LESLIE: Who's got it?

HOWARD: The woman who was living in Hammond's house.

70 *(LESLIE instinctively clenches her hands; but again controls herself)*

LESLIE: Does she want an awful lot for it?

HOWARD: I imagine that she has a pretty shrewd idea of its value. I doubt if it would be possible to get hold of it except for a very large sum.

LESLIE (*Hoarsely*): Are you going to let me be hanged?

Continued

75 **HOWARD** (*With some irritation*): Do you think it's so simple as all that to secure possession of an unwelcome piece of evidence?

LESLIE: You say the woman is prepared to sell it.

HOWARD: But I don't know that I'm prepared to buy it.

LESLIE: Why not?

80 **HOWARD**: I don't think you know what you're asking me. Heaven knows, I don't want to make phrases, but I've always thought I was by way of being an honest man. You're asking me to do something that is no different from suborning a witness.

LESLIE (*Her voice rising*): Do you mean to say you can save me and you won't? What harm have I ever done you? You can't be so cruel.

85 **HOWARD**: I'm sorry it sounds cruel. I want to do my best for you, Mrs. Crosbie. A lawyer has a duty not only to his client, but to his profession.

LESLIE (*With dismay*): Then what is going to happen to me?

HOWARD (*Very gravely*): Justice must take its course.

90 (*LESLIE grows very pale. A little shudder passes through her body. When she answers her voice is low and quiet*)

LESLIE: I put myself in your hands. Of course, I have no right to ask you to do anything that isn't proper. I was asking more for Robert's sake than for mine. But if you knew everything, I believe you'd think I was deserving of your pity.

95 **HOWARD**: Poor old Bob, it'll nearly kill him. He's utterly unprepared.

LESLIE: If I'm hanged it certainly won't bring Geoff Hammond back to life again. (*There is a moment's silence while HOWARD reflects upon the situation*)

100 **HOWARD** (*Almost to himself*): Sometimes I think that when we say our honor prevents us from doing this or that we deceive ourselves, and our real motive is vanity. I ask myself, what really is the explanation of that letter? I daren't ask you. It's not fair to you to conclude from it that you killed Hammond without provocation. (*With emotion*) It's absurd how fond I am of Bob. You see, I've known him for so long. His life may very well be ruined too.

105 **LESLIE**: I know I have no right to ask you to do anything for me, but Robert is so kind and simple and good. I think he's never done anyone any harm in his life. Can't you save him from this bitter pain and this disgrace?

HOWARD: You mean everything in the world to him, don't you?

LESLIE: I suppose so. I'm very grateful for the love he's given me.

HOWARD (*Making his resolution*): I'm going to do what I can for you.

110 (*LESLIE gives a little gasp of relief*) But don't think I don't know I'm doing wrong. I am. I'm doing it with my eyes open.

LESLIE (*Rising*): It can't be wrong to save a suffering woman. You're doing no harm to anybody else.

HOWARD: You don't understand. It's only natural. Let's not discuss that. Do you know anything about Bob's circumstances?

115 **LESLIE**: He has a good many tin shares and a part interest in two or three rubber estates. I suppose he could raise money.

Continued

HOWARD: He would have to be told what it was for.

LESLIE: Will it be necessary to show him the letter?

120 **HOWARD:** Don't you want him to see it?

LESLIE: No.

HOWARD: I shall do everything possible to prevent him from seeing it till after the trial. He will be an important witness. I think it very necessary that he should be as firmly convinced of your innocence as he is now.

125 **LESLIE:** And afterwards?

HOWARD: I'll still do my best for you.

LESLIE: Not for my sake — for his. If he loses his trust in me he loses everything.

HOWARD (*Moving to the door*): It's strange that a man can live with a woman for ten years and not know the first thing about her. It's rather frightening.

W. Somerset Maugham

VII. Read “The Once and Future Barn” and answer questions 48 to 55 from your Questions Booklet.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE BARN

H. Wayne Price, a man of gentle autopsies, probes the skeletal remains with growing urgency these days. As chairman of the Save Our Barns Committee, a penniless offshoot of the Illinois State Historical Society, he spends his weekends documenting a swaybacked species that once ranked as the most enduring feature man had added to the American landscape. Now, though, the great barns are lurching toward extinction. “Farms are becoming bigger and bigger, so farmsteads are becoming fewer and fewer,” Price says dolefully. “Today’s farmers want to rip down their old barns so they can put the plow to the ground.”

There is more to this than nostalgia bleating at greed. Survey the back 40 and you’ll find that country doesn’t look like country anymore. Technology and its two often churlish playmates, efficiency and economics, are radically reshaping rural America. The diversified American farm with its moo-moo here and its oink-oink there is being streamlined into a marvel of specialization. In this new one-crop and one-herd world, the buildings of the ages are suddenly obsolete. In their place rise austere metal pole sheds, bereft of individuality . . . For the prairies, the change is profound: if Old Macdonald made a forced march through the heart of Illinois, he’d think it was Factory Row.

Agriculture, America’s biggest industry, is also its most perplexing. But beneath the arcane¹ babble about parity and price supports seethes a 20th-century drama. The small subsistence farms that busied Ma and Pa and all the young ‘uns they could bear have been racked by multiple revolutions. First came mechanization and its proudest progeny, the tractor, which largely replaced horsepower in the 1920s. The ’30s spawned powerful crop hybrids and the promise of rural electrification. In the 1950s, fertilizers and other complex chemicals wafted across the land. The upshot has been incredible efficiency: America’s farm population has plummeted from 32 million to less than 6 million during the last half century — and each farmer’s productivity has mushroomed at an unrelenting pace of almost 5 percent a year.

But that kind of bean-counting obscures what has happened to the horizon. First to go were the Osage orange trees that separated small fields; such troublesome hedge rows kept modern machinery from working larger acreages than horses had trod. Next went small chicken coops, sheep sheds and granaries, relics of a less profit-conscious era when every farm, like Noah’s ark, housed a haphazard few of everything. Wide-slatted cribs that stored feed corn on the cob became useless as modern equipment harvested the crop not by the easily contained ear, but by the individual kernel. Even the much-maligned pigpen with its wallowing sows has disappeared; today’s lean and

¹arcane — mysterious

Continued

painstakingly bred hogs are confined to protect them from disease.

Now it is the great barns that sit awkwardly atop the gallows. For decades they harbored each farm's crude machines, sheltered thick-breathed animals and held heaps of hay in their round-steepled mows. But today's huge farm equipment won't fit through 40 60-year-old barn doors, the animals now live on a pristine² feedlot and the hay squats outside in one-ton bales. That leaves the barn, the majestic behemoth³ that, by protecting beasts of burden, permitted sodbusters to settle this continent in the first place. It is too expensive to insure and too much trouble to maintain — or so many farmers contend as they slap up the metal pole sheds.

45 A handful of canny craftsmen argue that barns can be repaired at an acceptable price, thanks to creative building and taxation techniques. Farmers, convinced that newer is better, rarely listen. "Barns gave the countryside vitality, humanity and culture," says William Tishler, a professor of landscape architecture at the University of Wisconsin. "We're losing all that — which ought to be a national concern. But 50 preservationists tend to live in urban areas and concentrate on problems closer to home."

• • • • •

55 There is scant hope . . . for H. Wayne Price, who just wants somebody to save the barns. Thousands have been razed in the last 50 years, he says, and 90 percent of the survivors will succumb to the butchery. The great barns will become museum set pieces, and grandparents will talk of the day when country looked like country. Price 60 will take early retirement from his job in Springfield next year so he and a friend can complete their scholarly book, "The Barns of Illinois." In it they'll chronicle the English, Dutch, German and other artisans who, like Stradivarius, deftly blended function with form. Sometimes they had to contend with folklore as well; round barns, designed partly to deflect ferocious winds, appealed to the deeply religious who reasoned that the devil couldn't hide in a building with no corners.

65 There is always the chance that rural Americans will begin to miss the great barns. The Save Our Barns Committee has notched a few converts, especially among heritage-conscious owners of family farms. Too often, though, the bulldozers roll, and H. Wayne Price can only keep plugging away on his barn book. "If you worry for the barns, you live with disappointment," says Price. "But no matter how little interest we stir up, no matter how many beautiful barns we lose, we know one thing. A hundred years from now, some people are really going to appreciate what we're doing."

²pristine — clean

³behemoth — huge creature

John McCormick

VIII. Read "The Use of Force" and answer questions 56 to 64 from your Questions Booklet.

THE USE OF FORCE

They were new patients to me, all I had was the name, Olson. Please come down as soon as you can, my daughter is very sick.

When I arrived I was met by the mother, a big startled looking woman, very clean and apologetic who merely said, Is this the doctor? and let me in. In the back, she 5 added. You must excuse us, doctor, we have her in the kitchen where it is warm. It is very damp here sometimes.

The child was fully dressed and sitting on her father's lap near the kitchen table. He tried to get up, but I motioned for him not to bother, took off my overcoat and 10 started to look things over. I could see that they were all very nervous, eyeing me up and down distrustfully. As often, in such cases, they weren't telling me more than they had to, it was up to me to tell them; that's why they were spending three dollars on me.

The child was fairly eating me up with her cold, steady eyes, and no expression to her face whatever. She did not move and seemed, inwardly, quiet; an unusually 15 attractive little thing, and as strong as a heifer in appearance. But her face was flushed, she was breathing rapidly, and I realized that she had a high fever. She had magnificent blonde hair, in profusion. One of those picture children often reproduced in advertising leaflets and the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers.

She's had a fever for three days, began the father and we don't know what it 20 comes from. My wife has given her things, you know, like people do, but it don't do no good. And there's been a lot of sickness around. So we tho't you'd better look her over and tell us what is the matter.

As doctors often do I took a trial shot at it as a point of departure. Has she had a sore throat?

25 Both parents answered me together, No . . . No, she says her throat don't hurt her.

Does your throat hurt you? added the mother to the child. But the little girl's expression didn't change nor did she move her eyes from my face.

Have you looked?

30 I tried to, said the mother, but I couldn't see.

As it happens we had been having a number of cases of diphtheria in the school to which this child went during that month and we were all, quite apparently, thinking of that, though no one had as yet spoken of the thing.

Well, I said, suppose we take a look at the throat first. I smiled in my best 35 professional manner and asking for the child's first name I said, come on, Mathilda,

Continued

open your mouth and let's take a look at your throat.

Nothing doing.

Aw, come on, I coaxed, just open your mouth wide and let me take a look. Look, I said opening both hands wide, I haven't anything in my hands. Just open up and let me see.

40 Such a nice man, put in the mother. Look how kind he is to you. Come on, do what he tells you to. He won't hurt you.

At that I ground my teeth in disgust. If only they wouldn't use the word "hurt" I might be able to get somewhere. But I did not allow myself to be hurried or disturbed 45 but speaking quietly and slowly I approached the child again.

As I moved my chair a little nearer suddenly with one cat-like movement both her hands clawed instinctively for my eyes and she almost reached them too. In fact she knocked my glasses flying and they fell, though unbroken, several feet away from me on the kitchen floor.

50 Both the mother and father almost turned themselves inside out in embarrassment and apology. You bad girl, said the mother, taking her and shaking her by one arm. Look what you've done. The nice man . . .

For heaven's sake, I broke in. Don't call me a nice man to her. I'm here to look at her throat on the chance that she might have diphtheria and possibly die of it. But that's nothing to her. Look here, I said to the child, we're going to look at your throat. You're old enough to understand what I'm saying. Will you open it now by yourself or shall we have to open it for you?

60 Not a move. Even her expression hadn't changed. Her breaths however were coming faster and faster. Then the battle began. I had to have a throat culture for her own protection. But first I told the parents that it was entirely up to them. I explained the danger but said that I would not insist on a throat examination so long as they would take the responsibility.

If you don't do what the doctor says you'll have to go to the hospital, the mother admonished her severely.

65 Oh yeah? I had to smile to myself. After all, I had already fallen in love with the savage brat, the parents were contemptible to me. In the ensuing struggle they grew more and more abject, crushed, exhausted while she surely rose to magnificent heights of insane fury of effort bred of her terror of me.

70 The father tried his best, and he was a big man but the fact that she was his daughter, his shame at her behavior and his dread of hurting her made him release her just at the critical moment several times when I had almost achieved success, till I wanted to kill him. But his dread also that she might have diphtheria made him tell me to go on, go on though he himself was almost fainting, while the mother moved back and forth behind us raising and lowering her hands in an agony of apprehension.

75 Put her in front of you on your lap, I ordered, and hold both her wrists.

But as soon as he did the child let out a scream. Don't, you're hurting me. Let

Continued

go of my hands. Let them go I tell you. Then she shrieked terrifyingly, hysterically.
Stop it! Stop it! You're killing me!

80 Do you think she can stand it, doctor? said the mother.

You get out, said the husband to his wife. Do you want her to die of diphtheria?
Come on now, hold her, I said.

Then I grasped the child's head with my left hand and tried to get the wooden tongue depressor between her teeth. She fought, with clenched teeth, desperately! But now I also had grown furious — at a child. I tried to hold myself down but I couldn't.

85 I know how to expose a throat for inspection. And I did my best. When finally I got the wooden spatula behind the last teeth and just the point of it into the mouth cavity, she opened up for an instant but before I could see anything she came down again and gripping the wooden blade between her molars she reduced it to splinters before I could get it out again.

90 Aren't you ashamed, the mother yelled at her. Aren't you ashamed to act like that in front of the doctor?

Get me a smooth-handled spoon of some sort, I told the mother. We're going through with this. The child's mouth was already bleeding. Her tongue was cut and she was screaming in wild hysterical shrieks. Perhaps I should have desisted and come back in an hour or more. No doubt it would have been better. But I have seen at least two children lying dead in bed of neglect in such cases, and feeling that I must get a diagnosis now or never I went at it again. But the worst of it was that I too had got beyond reason. I could have torn the child apart in my own fury and enjoyed it. It was a pleasure to attack her. My face was burning with it.

100 The damned little brat must be protected against her own idiocy, one says to one's self at such times. Others must be protected against her. It is social necessity. And all these things are true. But a blind fury, a feeling of adult shame, bred of a longing for muscular release are the operatives. One goes on to the end.

105 In a final unreasoning assault I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon back of her teeth and down her throat till she gagged. And there it was — both tonsils covered with membrane. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret. She had been hiding that sore throat for three days at least and lying to her parents in order to escape just such an outcome as this.

110 Now truly she *was* furious. She had been on the defensive before but now she attacked. Tried to get off her father's lap and fly at me while tears of defeat blinded her eyes.

William Carlos Williams

IX. Read “Highway: Michigan” and answer questions 65 to 72 from your Questions Booklet.

HIGHWAY: MICHIGAN

Here from the field's edge we survey
The progress of the jaded. Mile
On mile of traffic from the town
Rides by, for at the end of day

5 The time of workers is their own.

They jockey for position on
The strip reserved for passing only.
The drivers from production lines
Hold to advantage dearly won.

10 They toy with death and traffic fines.

Acceleration is their need:
A mania keeps them on the move
Until the toughest nerves are frayed.
They are the prisoners of speed

15 Who flee in what their hands have made.

The pavement smokes when two cars meet
And steel rips through conflicting steel.
We shiver at the siren's blast.

20 One driver, pinned beneath the seat,
Escapes from the machine at last.

Theodore Roethke

X. Read “The Courtship” from *Running in the Family* and answer questions 73 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.

from RUNNING IN THE FAMILY

When my father finished school, his parents decided to send him to university in England. He left Ceylon by ship and arrived at Southampton. He took his entrance exams for Cambridge and writing home a month later told his parents the good news that he had been accepted at Queen's College. He was sent the funds for three years of university education. Finally he had made good. He had been causing much trouble at home and now seemed to have pulled himself out of a streak of bad behaviour in the tropics.

It was two and a half years later, after numerous and modest letters about his successful academic career, that his parents discovered he was living off this money in England and had not even passed the entrance exam. He had rented extravagant rooms at Cambridge and simply eliminated the academic element of university, making close friends among the students, reading contemporary novels, boating, and making a name for himself as someone who knew exactly what was valuable and interesting in the university circles of Cambridge in the 1920s. He had a marvelous time, becoming engaged to several women including a Russian countess, even taking a short trip to Ireland supposedly to fight against the Rebels when the university closed down for its vacation. No one knew about this Irish adventure except my Aunt Babe who was sent a photograph of him posing slyly in uniform.

His parents, on hearing the distressing news, decided to confront him personally, and so his mother and father and sister Stephie packed their trunks and left for England by ship. Only his other sister, Enid, about to have a baby at the time, remained in Ceylon with her husband Wilfred. (Wilfred was a mild-mannered and somewhat boring member of the English gentry — “Enid's Bengal tiger,” as my father used to call him.) In any case my father had just twenty-four more days of high living at Cambridge before his furious family arrived unannounced at his doors. Sheepishly he invited them in, being able to offer them only champagne at eleven in the morning. This did not impress them as he had hoped, while the great row which my grandfather had looked forward to for weeks and weeks was deflected by my father's habit of retreating into almost total silence. He had this useful habit of never trying to justify any of his crimes so that it was difficult to argue with him. Instead he went out at dinnertime for a few hours and came back to announce that he had become engaged to Kaye Roseleap — his sister Stephie's closest English friend. This news stilled most of the fury against him. Stephie moved onto his side and his parents were impressed by the fact that Kaye came leapt from the notable Roseleaps of Dorset. On the whole everyone was pleased and the following day they all caught the train to Dorset to stay with the Roseleaps, taking along my father's cousin Phyllis.

During the week in Dorset my father behaved impeccably. The wedding was

Continued

planned between the in-laws, Phyllis was invited to spend the summer with the Roseleaps, and the Ondaatjes, (including my father) went back to Ceylon to wait out the four months before marriage.

Two weeks after he arrived in Ceylon, my father came home one evening to announce that he was engaged to a Doris Gratiaen. The postponed argument at Cambridge now erupted on my grandfather's estate in Kegalle. My father was calm and unconcerned with the various complications he seemed to have created and did not even plan to write to the Roseleaps. It was Stephie who wrote setting off a chain reaction in the mails, one letter going to Phyllis whose holiday plans were terminated. (My father and my Aunt Phyllis were always close but they did not speak to each other for two years after this incident.) My father continued his habit of trying to solve one problem by creating another. The next day he returned home saying he had joined the Ceylon Light Infantry. . . .

My father's latest engagement was not as popular as the Roseleap one. He bought Doris Gratiaen a huge emerald engagement ring which was charged to his father's account. His father refused to pay for it and my father threatened to shoot himself. Eventually it was paid for by the family.

My father had nothing to do in Kegalle. It was too far away from Colombo and his new friends. His position with the Light Infantry was a casual one, almost a hobby. Often, in the midst of a party in Colombo, he would suddenly remember that he was the duty officer that night and with a car full of men and women planning a midnight swim at Mount Lavinia, he would roll into the barracks, step out in his dress suit, inspect the guard, leap back into the car full of laughing and drunken friends and depart. But in Kegalle he was frustrated and lonely. At one time he was given the car and asked to go and buy some fish. *Don't forget the fish!* his mother said. Two days later his parents got a cable from Trincomalee to say he had the fish and would be back soon.

His quiet life in Kegalle was interrupted, however, when Doris Gratiaen wrote to break off the engagement. There were no phones so it meant a drive to Colombo to discover what was wrong. But my grandfather, furious over the Trincomalee trip, refused him the car. Finally he got a lift with his father's brother Aelian, his cousin Phyllis's father. Aelian was a gracious and genial man. My father was bored and frantic. The combination almost proved disastrous. My father had never driven to Colombo directly in his life. There was a pattern of rest-houses to be stopped at and so Uncle Aelian was forced to stop every thirty miles and have a drink, too polite to refuse his young nephew. By the time they got to Colombo my father was very drunk and Aelian was slightly drunk and it was too late to visit Doris Gratiaen. My father forced his Uncle to stay at the CLI mess. After a large meal and more drink my father announced that now he must shoot himself because Doris Gratiaen had broken off the engagement. Aelian, especially as he was quite drunk too, had a terrible time trying to hide every gun in the Ceylon Light Infantry building. The next day the problems were solved and the engagement was announced once more. They were married a year later.

Michael Ondaatje

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